THE MARYVILLE STUDENT.

SEMPER SURSUM.

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NATURAL SUBLIMITY.

By A. M. Hook.

As heaven's bright orb with dazzling brilliance gleams
To gild the world, enchanted with its dreams,
And fair Aurora, with her heavenly light,
Resumes her place and dissipates the night,
The waking earth, now fondled with such love,
Responding to that central orb above,
Displays her beauties o'er her varied clime.
And nature's all reechoes love sublime.
A ponderous mount, with cloud-capped tower, rears
Aloft its thunder-splintered pinnacles—
Successive mount the pillars, lofty, riv'n,
And seek the sky, like stepping-stones to heav'n—
Like columns tall, of marble wrought, uphold
The spiry roof and ceilings, coved with gold.
Within's a palace that o'erlooks the wave,
More beautiful than king's, yet called a cave—
Rock-paved beneath, and granite-arched o'erhead—
Which seems to have been the chambers of the dead.
But lo! a sound, that in the distance broke,
As if the King of earth in anger spoke—
Up, up the rushing, red volcano went,
And torrents of earth's lightening skyward sent,
Which o'er heaven and earth and ocean flashed,
While scattering wide the downward fragments dashed,
And echoed far o'er mountain, plain and glen,
And seemed as 'twere a gloomy hell within.
Beneath its brow a trickling, murm'ring rill,
Undaunted, seeks the valley, green and still;
Gliding from view love-listening groves between,
And most melodious when it flows unseen,
What though at times the sun in wrath retire,
As intervenes a gloomy veil of fire!
Soon bend the clouds in brighter beauties, fair,
And see where'er it flows their image there.

With winding course and ever ceaseless flow,
The riplet joins the troubled stream below,
Where massively the angry waves roll on,
Regardless of all ruin farther down.
O'er which commingled masses blindly fall,
And, self-interred, they howl their funeral.
In yonder distance, 'neath the mountain height,
A death-like stream, unparallelled the sight!
With cold and stoic glare, congealed to ice,
Moves sluggish on—a boundless sea of glass.
As still supplies th' unfailing source above,
To fairer climes the apparition moves:
Where, by its weight, the massive heap divides,
And under tropic suns it gently glides,
And proudly sails—a starry bannered fleet,
To wield dominion o'er the ocean's deep.
Like ancient temples, with their glittering spires
Sparkling in each sunbeam, as blazing fires,
The iceberg floats, unconscious that ere long,
Like countless myriads of earth's busy throng,
Her massive walls and proudly gilded dome
Must on old ocean's bosom find a tomb.
Ecstatic scene! which fills the soul with love;
Beneath the ocean rolls—the sky above—
In graceful undulations fade away,
As fades the glimmering light at closing day,
And with a loving, blushing, smiling face,
They each advance and clasp a fond embrace.
The sun retiring to his mighty sleep,
Bathes his kingly brow amid the briny deep.
While twilight weeps o'er all beneath its gaze,
And wraps the world amid its lurid haze.
Then blooming clouds—companions of the sun—
Extending far and tinged with sombre gloom,
In grandest and portentous spectres rise,
O'erspread the earth and veil the azure skies;
While wide o'er earth they breathe their fatal breath,
Which—vile tornado! works the work of death.
And lo! far distant o'er the ocean's flood,
Wave shouldering wave in frightful, angry mood,
The winds urge on the billowy, living roll,
And whirlwinds dwell within it like a soul,
Heaving the foamy, roaring surges high,

While all beside was voiceless, breathless fear.
Maze within maze the lurid webs are rolled,
And as they burst, the living flames unfold;
And, as black midnight melts from sky to sky.
Air becomes fire, and like a sea on high,
Wide whirlwind rolls his deluge, seared and riv'n,
And shriek the lightnings at the wrath of heaven.
As the fire-bolts leap to the world below,
And flood the sky with a lurid glow.
Capricious showers of crashing hailstones break
In heavy torrents from the airy lake;
The falling crystals in their blinded maze,
Transmitting colors of the riven rays.
Perfect an arch across the gilded dome
"From central earth to heaven's meridian throne."
Such is the rainbow with its thousand dyes.
Emblazoned like a triumph on the skies
Majestic token of its maker's might,
Pure zone of grace, grand corronal of light:
God's own blest hand-mark mystic, full, sublime,
Graven in glory to the end of time.
Now all is still—the troubled storm is stayed—
The mighty Queen, in royalty arrayed,
Leaps from her lurking-place and gently smiles
O'er half the earth and o'er her thousand isles.
Proudly her chariot rolls to bear her sway,
And all her myriad subjects ope the way—
Submissive bow—confess her rightful crown,
And pay due homage at her shining throne.
Alas! her realm, a vast arena turns,
And through her starry host rude anger burns.
And wild confusion smites the shining race.
And tears the planets from their royal place,
Cruelly hurling burning meteors down,
While smiling heaven assumes a fiery crown.
Though storms may rage, and forked lightnings play
From earth to heaven, however frightfully,
Though showers of fire may gild the realms above,
And through ethereal space grand spectres move;
Though wrapt in flame the realms of ether glow,
And thunder peals convulse the world below,
Yet high above, in heaven's ethereal dome,
Those shining worlds shall in their orbits roam

And orb on orb, unnumbered in their spheres,
Shall still revolve to note the passing years,
In matchless splendor, beautiful, sublime,
Till Gabriel's trump proclaim the end of time;
When all shall rush around God's shining throne,
And filled with ecstacy exclaim, well done!

Elements of Success.

By G. C. S.

The little streams that flow from the mountain sides glide gently on until they reach their destiny, apparently without an effort. The broad fields of golden grain stand waving in the gentle breezes of the summer, because the hand of the laborer moves not. Nature arrays herself in her most beautiful robes without the smallest perception of exertion, yet she contains mysteries which the wisdom of men, who have sought out many inventions, has not been able to solve. Destruction is the work of indolence, and desolation appears in the absence of energy. The ruins of cities and the waste places of the earth cry out in a voice of sadness; "Oh diligence! why sleepest thou? Knowest thou not that the days of thy life are increasing and that the labor of thy hands beareth heavily upon thee?" Gazing over the broad bosom of nature, exhibitions of power present themselves with such grandeur as to make the human mind almost tremble with awe, yet they were made with a single word.

But the achievements of mankind, even when they reach the highest standard of perfection, are only a mere shadow in comparison with the slightest mark which the Monarch of Ages has placed upon the outlines of the world, yet require the active co-operation of the most far-seeing intellects, together with the assistance of the amount of physical strength necessary for procuring their accomplishment. And, consequently, persons who spend their time in dreaming of the seasons of prosperity, when the earnest desires of their hearts shall take definite shape, and trust to the fates to weave the chain of their lives, and at the end of their existence to place upon their heads the golden crown, need to understand immediately that the world is not concerned about their success, and that the scepter of fame does not permit itself to be attached as an ensign of royalty to the bosom of the unworthy. Such persons have, perhaps, if the narrow limits of their contracted intellects permit, very elevated aspirations as regards the degree of success desirable, and even look with longing expectation that the store-houses

of learning will throw wide their doors and pour out their rich treasures in the greatest affusion at their feet, yet when wisdom who has been so long neglected that she scarcely dares to venture from her retreat, whispers in her common sense manner, put forth your hand and wield the helm, they shrink back with dismay and astonisament and still wonder why their barns are not filled with the golden harvest of intellectual expansion and their garners with the pleasant fruits of bright achievements.

But the surpassing power of genius aided by the excellent incentive, diligence, continues its course regardless of their earnest desires to become illustrious; and the great iron wheel of thought, upon which depends the destiny of the world, rolls steadily on, over the broad expansion of human intelligence, crushing in its way the craggy peaks of ignorance and superstition and leaving the firm and beaten track upon which imagination can build her most stately structures, and nature who will ever be considered the concentration of beauty and the refuge of the unknown, will in a measure unfold the windings of her labyrinths and present the lovely bowers beneath whose refreshing shade the weary careworn pilgrims may rejoice and enjoy the recompense of their labor.

Centuries roll by bringing with them new scenes and a new people whose business it is to shake the dusty folds of oblivious garb and encircle her in the bright robes of progression, to raise the procumbent standard of literature which has been lost amid the overwhelming debris of centuries and fasten it firmly upon the monument of system. But the world has perhaps also been awake before them, and they have for their consideration the earnest labors and investigations of the preceding generations of which they can avail themselves if they choose. But these alone certainly will not insure success, nor can they themselves be obtained without an effort. And while we admit that this is one of the strongest links in the great chain that binds together the two important centers—nature and science, around which revolve the efforts of human action, and from which radiate the principles of those actions, yet dependence alone, we repeat, upon the efforts of others, for insight with regard to these questions which are of such moment and which should kindle the fire of investigation in the heart of every enterprising man, are as a broken reed.

Man's success depends to a great extent on his own intrinsic worth. He may indeed attain a somewhat notable reputation by assuming the garb of those who have gone before us without the assistance of our own innate powers, but this itself bears upon its face the mark of plagiarism.

The prospect before us is very broad, and we must show to the world, that although we are perfectly willing to avail ourselves of the thought and experience of

(Continued on [illegible])

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We publish in this number the oration which G. C. Stewart delivered at the Animi Cultus Society's last exercise.

The next issue, a double number, containing full accounts of the commencement exercises, will appear a week after college closes and will be forwarded immediately to the subscribers.

We have been so fortunate as to obtain from Rev. A. M. Hook the poem he delivered as his graduating exercise. At the time it attracted much attention and elicited just praise, and we think that transferred to paper it will lose none of its richness.

The society is one of the most important things connected with a college, and perhaps one of the most neglected. Those who take little interest in the society to which they belong, are irregular, and fail to perform the duties required of them, "can't see the good in them" any more than the unlettered savage can see how a piece of paper can convey a message to a distant person; but those who have best performed their duties, appreciate more and more the advantages to be obtained from a society. It is here that the student learns to apply the knowledge which he has obtained from his text books. Here the good and bad traits of a person's character, show themselves, and here is one of the best places to correct them. The society is a miniature world, and although its object is to improve the mind, perhaps more good is acquired from the moral training. The various questions arising outside of debate, the elections of members to places of honor and trust, oft require much more courage to be met in the right manner, and if these things are met and decided by each one as he thinks right, he is strengthened, but if he avoids questions which involve difficulty, he injures himself and society. To join a good society is one of the first things a student should do on entering college, and if he attends to his duties in the right manner he receives incalculable benefit, but if he is an inactive, worthless member, he owes it to himself and the society to do better or to leave.

There was quite an episode in the generally even flow of Dartmouth College affairs a few weeks since. The faculty forbad the publication in the *Dartmouth*, the college journal, of an article to which they took exception; but despite this command the article was inserted by the editors, and—horrible to relate—all seven of them were summarily expelled. It was but a short time, however, until they sent in a written apology, humbly begging pardon, and now they have been reinstated by the faculty. Take warning editors!

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(Continued from page 5.)

others so far as it is beneficial. yet we have a modus operandi of our own, that we, through the gifts that nature has so kindly bestowed upon us, are able and willing to add something to the great impetus that moves the great wheel. "Homo fecit, homo faciat" should be the motto written upon the programme of every youth in the land. "They can because they think they can" was the famous declaration of Virgil concerning the oarsmen in the trial of their strength with their formidable competitors. The hindrances that present themselves may seem almost insurmountable, and the most resolute mind may tremble at the undertaking, yet he who wears the badge of determination may sound the depths of the literary ocean, and take his bearings in the unknown seas. One person, if he be able to climb the rugged heights that lead to the goal of mysteries, and drink freely from the fountain that pours its crystal draughts over the battlements of immensity, might shake the ancient fortifications which have stood until their walls have grown dingy from the impressions of centuries, and their able defenders have long since taken up their abode amid the scenes of futurity, to their very foundations, and standing alone on the lofty pinnacle mid the imposing grandeur of the scenery, the elements seem to utter defiance, and the overhanging crags look upon him with contempt. Yet with the smile of victory on his countenance, and his form standing noble and erect, he grasps in his hand the banner which, waving in the breezes that toss the snow-white clouds of the aerial regions, bears the joyful inscription, "Success."

CLIPPINGS.

EXAM. PAPER.—"Give legend of Proserpine." *Venturesome Fresh.*: "Pretty girl by the seashore—Pluto on the scene—falls in love—snakes her—great confusion—girl screams—mother—she wants to go home—no go—off to Hades—anxious mother—half crazy—meets Hecate—three heads—tells story—ham sandwiches and coffee for two—off to Jupiter—gets some mad—demands daughter—can't get her—tragedy—grand tableaux—curtain." The Faculty are deliberating on this case.

[*Courant.*

GEOLOGY RECITATATION. *Prof.* "Mr. X., will you mention the animals peculiar to the Eocene Tertiary period?"

Senior. "Well—yes—sir, that is, I know, but can't pronounce the names."

Prof. "Could you recognize them if spelled out to you!"

Senior. "Think I might, sir."

Prof. "D-o-g. Try that Mr. X."

Oh, that jaw-breaking geology!

LOCALS.

At the monthly election in April, the Bainonians elected Miss R Crawford President, and Miss Gracie Lord Vice President.

Rev. D. M. Wilson delivered a lecture on "Ambition" in the col

lege chapel on the 5th. A [illegible] in the town prevented a [illegible] ing present as otherwise would have been. It is to be hoped that next year we may have a regular course of lectures.

Kingston Presbytery, met in Maryville on the 6th, and held a profitable and unanimous session. Revs. C. E. Tedford, J. E. Irvin, D. M. Wilson, S. W. McCorkle, D. McDonald and C. B. Lord preached at different times during the session. On the 7th a holiday was granted the school while the Professors attended to their Presbyterial duties. There will be another meeting of the Presbytery at Commencement to ordain one of the Seminary boys.

Aniversary Exercises.

Examinations will begin on Friday 19th, and continue through four days of next week—commencing at 8 o'clock A. M. and lasting one hour each

Friday the 19th.

8 A. M. English Grammar,
9 " " Algebra.
10 " " Arithmetic,
11 " " Latin Reader.
1 P. M. Geography,
2 " " Greek Reader.

Monday 22nd.

8 A. M. English Grammar.
9 " " Acts of Apostles,
10 " " Arithmetic,
11 " " Political Economy,
1 P. M. Cicero,
2 " " Chemistry

[illegible]day, 23d.

8 A. M. Latin Reader,
9 " " Algebra,
10 " " History,
11 " " Intellectual Science,
1 P. M. Xenophon,
2 " " [illegible]

Wednesday, 24th.

8 A. M. Arithmetic,
9 " " The New State,
10 " " Moral Science
11 " " Compositions.
1 P. M. German.

Thursday, 25th.

8 A. M. School Economy,
9 " " Trigonometry,
10 " " Evidences Christianity,
11 " " Compositions
1 P. M. Botany,
2 " " Astronomy

Address by Rev. P. [illegible] Hero, before the Adelphic Union, Monday evening at 7 1-2 o'clock, at the Presbyterian Church

Tuesday evening at 7 1-2 o'clock the Anniversary exercises of The Adelphic Union Literary Society, at the same place.

Social in chapel, Wed. night

Thursday evening addresses of the Graduating class at the New Providence Church

The Public is cordially invited to attend all the exercises

[illegible] Rice,
President.

It is [illegible] that the most of Maryville's graduates since the rebellion will be here at the coming Commencement. Already

W. B. Brown has arrived from Danville, in excellent health.

Base Ball.

The "Reckless" base ball club has had two matches during this month with a picked club at Crooked Creek. The first occurred on the 15th, and resulted in favor of the Reckless, who made 39 runs, the Crooked Creek club making 38.

The next game was played on the 27th, and our boys again came off victorious, feeling very well satisfied with 48 to 28.

Reviews and the near approach of examinations have interfered somewhat with this game of late, and our grounds are now deserted.

April 1.

April first, the day of practical jokes, sells, and red, excited faces, passed without losing any of its fooling reputation. The whole day was rendered quite lively by the tricks perpetrated on the unsuspecting by the mischief loving. At night the ladies of Baldwin received a summons to Mrs. Henry's kitchen to meet eight or ten of the Memorialers who had come prepared for a candy-pulling. All went merry for a while until it was discovered that the ponderous paper of sugar was *ashes*, and the jug purporting to be filled with molasses was in reality filled with *water*. But packages of genuine sugar were produced, and, altho' favored with a visit by a ghost, the evening was spent enjoyably.

"All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy." So thought some of our students on the Saturday before Easter, and being ever ready to make use of an opportunity for having a pleasant time with the young ladies, they got up an "egg-eating," and spent a pleasant evening in endeavoring to keep several dozens of eggs from spoiling. They didn't spoil.

Animi Cultus.

Friday evening, the 27th, the last public exercise for the year was given by the Animi Cultus Society in the college chapel. The programme as read by the President, G. S. McCampbell, was as follows:

DEBATE;

Question; Resolved that the Bible is necessary to prove the existence of a personal God.

Affirmative;	Negative;
W. E. B. Harris,	J. B. Porter,
Jas. E. Rogers.	R. H. Coulter.

ORATION.

Elements of Success, G. C. Stewart.

Reading of the Animi Cultus Paper by its editor, J. B. Porter.

ORATION.

John Bunyan, R. H. Coulter.

There was a full audience who seemed pleased. The paper especially, was well received, as it deserved to be.

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